

MORE TALK ON GAS AND OIL.

THE INTEREST DEEPENS.

Now For the Deep Wells and Flowing Returns.

A number of business men gathered in the Courthouse on Thursday evening of last week to discuss further the gas and oil project. Dr. Winston presided and Mr. S. W. Paulett, Jr., acted as secretary. Mr. Serpell and Mr. Wright are experts in the business and gave practical talks on the general subject, and expressed as their opinion that oil and gas may be found in this section, again emphasizing the fact that would the one or the other fall to be developed, then a full flow of pure water from artesian wells is certain.

A number of our citizens while confessing to ignorance as to the products which are enriching West Virginia, expressed a willingness to contribute their money to the venture with the hope that something would come of it.

Mr. Wright, who is a practical driller, agreed to undertake the work at \$1.75 a foot, and also offered to share in the general venture. Mr. Serpell's proposition is to organize a joint stock company to make the necessary sinews of war, and a committee has been appointed to bring the subject to the attention of the people of Farmville and the surrounding country.

This is a community enterprise, and not the scheme of a single person or of a syndicate. Every man, woman and child who walks this portion of God's green earth is interested to know what's beneath us, and this project is simply to bring to the surface just such knowledge.

If we get nothing but water, pure water, it will not be a "water haul," and if we do "strike fire" a new poem will be given to our music of progress.

The lamp of experience gives out the light by which men are safely guided, and the experiences of others tell us that this is no wild goose chase, and no following of a fancy. Looking Thomases be still, and let's see how high if we do lose our hatchet. In the meantime let everybody subscribe to the Herald and keep abreast of the march of progress.

The Farmers' Pocket Book.

In playful mood we had something to say of the farmers' pocket book in a recent issue of the Herald and we have been advised that at least one of the noble brotherhood has jumped to the conclusion that the people of Farmville are only concerned about the farmers' pocket book and in no wise interested in the farmer himself.

This is a sad mistake, for nothing that concerns the farmers of the land that is not of equal concern to all those who dwell in the towns and cities of the land.

The citizens of Farmville do feed the farmer's crib, and should the farmers lock the doors of their shops or keep their pocket books closed the people of Farmville would perish from the face of the earth. If the grass of your fields failed to grow then the grass would grow on our streets and stagnation in trade circles would issue. And that is true of Farmville is equally true of Greater New York.

For a while, and in all earnestness, we say that we are dependent upon the pocket-books of the farmers, but we do not desire to force an entrance, nor to come on the highway with the sword and deliver demand. We insure the comforting assurance that when we get one of your dollars you get back value in return. In the present day world's economy country and towns have been joined in the hands of wedlock, and those whom had been joined together let no man say aught.

Work of the Board.

The Board of Visitors of the Normal was in session Friday and Saturday of last week, adjourning Saturday afternoon.

Only routine work was attended to. Some buildings were ordered to be erected as the necessary funds were not just now available. The Board let an infirmary to be conducted in a building separate from the main buildings was felt, and the hope is that it may be erected in the near future.

The guardians of the school were well pleased with the conditions prevailing there, and with the progress which had been made in all lines.

DEATH OF A. A. HASKINS.

A Good Man Gone To His Rest and Rewarded.

A. A. Haskins died at his home at Meherrin on last Saturday morning after a brief illness. He was born in Prince Edward county. When the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in Company K, Third Virginia Cavalry, under Capt. J.T. Thornton, served through the entire period, and was engaged in many of the fiercest battles that took place in Northern Virginia.

He was made first lieutenant soon after he enlisted, and in many instances served as captain of his company. He was paroled at Farmville April 16, 1865, after the close of the war, and returned to his home here, where he had since led a very active life, serving his country in many different capacities. He is the last of his father's family to be called to rest, and is survived by his wife who was Miss Olanda Overby, and the following children: E. O. Haskins, of Aspen, S. C., W. L. H. A., and J. B. Haskins, of Meherrin, Mrs. J. B. Morris, of Clifton Forge, Misses Jennie, Ople and Mattie Haskins, of Meherrin.

The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon last in the Presbyterian Church, of which the deceased was long a member and officer, and was conducted by Rev. Hugh Henry, his pastor, who departing from his usual custom on such occasions, paid tender and loving tribute to the memory of his co-worker and friend of the entire community. Mr. Henry said:

After a painful illness of three weeks Mr. A. A. Haskins departed this life, answering without fear and with Christian resignation the summons which sooner or later comes to all men.

He was born at "Alban Castle," Prince Edward county, Va., Nov. 4, 1837, and at the time of his death, June 4, 1910, was in the seventy-second year of his age.

In early manhood Mr. Haskins answered his country's call to arms and enlisted in the Prince Edward troop, serving faithfully and gallantly to the end of the struggle. But when the great commander of the Army of Northern Virginia said "valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended a continuance of the conflict," he came home and addressed himself to the duties of citizenship.

How well he discharged those duties is known to most of the public men of our county, and specially to the people of the section in which he spent this latter period of his life. He will be remembered as one of our most public-spirited citizens, whose counsel was sought and valued by the majority of his friends and neighbors, and greatly respected even by those whose views in many matters were widely different from his own.

The pastor of the church, (Presbyterian, Meherrin, Va.), for nearly seventeen consecutive years mourns the loss of a friend true and faithful. His kindly disposition and genial manner were always helpful to him in the discharge of his own arduous duties. He mourns the loss of one who was undoubtedly sincerely attached to his church and who was seldom absent from his place in the house of worship, and who discharged in all humility such duties as in his modesty he was willing to undertake. He was free to confess—as we all might do—that he might have been more faithful and efficient. He possessed in a well developed degree a noble trait of character specially conspicuous in a time of trouble; he delighted in doing kindness whether the subject was a friend or an enemy. Those who knew him well agree that he was a man honest in his convictions, and they also agree that in the perplexing complications concerning duties arising from the various relations he sustained in life, he did his duty as he saw it.

His devoted family have sustained a loss which none but themselves can know. He leaves a wife, five sons and four daughters. This day will be remembered by them as a day when they laid to rest the mortal remains of him who was always the true and loving husband and the kindest father.

May the God of all grace give to each member "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." And "may the clouds which are now so dark be dispelled through the abiding presence and constant blessing of Him who is the light of life," and who hath said to his loved ones, "I will never leave you nor forsake you."

The following were the pall bearers: Active, J. R. Morton, W. S. Dance, F. H. Kauffman, R. A. Shackleton, R. G. Fowlkes, H. O. Forbes. Honorary: A. D. Watkins, S. W. Watkins, E. L. Dupuy, Horace Adams, R. H. Walton, J. L. Hart, W. H. Ewing, E. W. Dickinson.

"Archer" Haskins as he was familiarly and affectionately called, has gone to his grave leaving behind the priceless heritage of a good name. As soldier he rode on the forefront of battle with the chivalry

(Continued on page five.)

THE "OLD REBS" DAY.

HAD THE KEYS OF FARMVILLE.

Splendid Speech of a Soldier. Spirited Aids by the Band, and Daughters as Hostesses.

Last Friday, the 3rd, will be a day long remembered in the history of Farmville. The sun shone brightly, the air was crisp and cool, the Confederate worthies were in full force, all of them wearing of the "gray," some of them bending under the weight of years.

The ranks have thinned since last they gathered here, but with hearts throbbing and thrilling with undying love for a dead yet ever dear past.

At 10:30 a. m., the procession formed in front of the Opera House and with the Farmville Silver band in front and Capt. S. W. Paulett and his Chief of Staff, the unconquered and unconquerable "Bob" Miller in command, moved to the monument, saluted the silent sentinel with uncovered heads, listened to tender, touching airs, had their souls stirred afire with the strains of "Dixie," and then turned away leaving the sacred spot all abloom with fair flowers, safe in memory's charge.

The heroes of one war, but of scores of bloody battles, returned to the Opera House, were seated immediately in front of the stage while behind them sat the "Daughters," the rest of the building being given up to a large, sympathetic and appreciative audience. Rev. Dudley Roogher, of the Episcopal Church, opened the proceedings with prayer and Mayor Blanton then presented in words well chosen and well spoken, the orator of the day, Col. R. T. Hubbard, of Buckingham, who was greeted by his comrades with cordiality and cheers.

The Colonel acknowledged the courtesies of the occasion with his wonted grace and dignity, and then touching upon the rising of the curtain on the world's greatest and bloodiest drama, giving but a glance at the history of the first three years of the mighty struggle, concentrated his fire on the fiery trials of 1864.

We haven't the space at our command to follow him in the details of the maneuvers of that critical and crucial period of the war, and must content ourselves with what he told us of the "Stonewall" stand of the Third Virginia Cavalry, which was composed of companies which went to the front from Prince Edward, Cumberland, Amelia, Halifax, Nottoway and other counties of this immediate section of Virginia.

Southern and Northern armies alike were marching for Spotsylvania Courthouse as the one strategic point to be held, and to check the advance of the Federal forces Fitz Lee's troopers, some 2,100 in number, stood across the line of march of 2,500 cavalymen and 25,000 infantrymen, held them in check until Stuart, leading Longstreet's command, (Longstreet himself having been wounded the evening before) reached the coveted and all important point. The legions of Caesar, England's hollow squares, nor Napoleon's "Old Guard" never made more heroic or determined stand, and if Col. Hubbard had told us no more of the war of the ages, this one incident in which we were reminded of the unsurpassed and unswerving courage of our own boys, was enough to stir our hearts with new love for them and to thrill our souls with renewed admiration, and to kindle within them something akin to reverence for those who died and those who live. But the gifted speaker and gallant soldier did tell us of other things of the days when the souls of men were sorely tried; of dauntless courage on the field of battle, of endurance on the march, of patience when the pangs of hunger were felt, of the sunshine of souls when clouds gathered heavy and dark, and of an immortality of fame in the hour when the flag they followed so loyally, so lovingly, so fearlessly was furled. The highest compliment we can make to the orator of the occasion, is to repeat the words of a school girl, who at the close of the speech with enthusiasm expressed in her every feature and joy dancing in her dark blue eyes, said: "How my heart did thrill as I listened to a soldier as he told me of what brave soldiers of our dear Southland endured and suffered for homes and firesides. I venerate the memories of those who are dead, and my heart goes out in full, freer love for those who still

(Continued on page three.)

134TH COMMENCEMENT.

NOW FOR HAMPDEN-SIDNEY.

The Commencement Programme An Unusually Attractive One.

Saturday, 8:30 p. m. Concert, College Glee Club.

Rev. W. W. Moore, D. D., will preach the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, at 11 a. m. Y. M. C. A. celebration at 8 p. m.

Monday, 8 p. m., the Union Society annual. Major Hemphill, editor Times-Dispatch, addresses the literary societies.

Tuesday, 11 a. m., Philanthropic Society celebration. At 8 p. m., the address before the Alumnae.

Wednesday, 11 a. m. Address by Mr. R. T. Hubbard, Jr., of West Virginia, to be followed by the delivery of diplomas.

Pleasant entertainments of social nature have been arranged for the young people, and the "Hill" will be crowded with visitors. A cafe will be opened for the convenience of the general public. Let Farmville turn out in full force.

Another Dance at the Armory.

Lovers of the dance met in the Armory on Friday evening of last week and enjoyed the flying hours.

The following made up the happy party:

Miss Loula Southerland with Joe Garnett, Miss Carrie Sutherland with Warren Wall, Miss Carrie Kyle with Reed Edmunds, Miss Martha Blanton with Horace Adams, Miss Minnie Blanton with Clyde Duvall, Miss Mary McCraw with Walter Barrow, Miss E. Susan Ward with Norwood Cardoza, Miss Susie Powell with Burton Blanton, Miss Virginia Paulett with Johnson Wootton, Miss Mildred Richardson with Joe Vaughan, Stags: V. D. Venable, A. V. Wade, Chaperones: Mrs. Freear, Mrs. W. J. Gills, Mrs. V. P. Paulett, Mrs. J. L. Bugg, Mrs. Cook, Dr. Gills, Messrs. R. L. Freear, V. P. Paulett, J. L. Bugg.

Steger—Smith.

There was a quiet home wedding on the morning of June 8th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Smith, at the corner of Bridge and Second streets, when their daughter, Virginia, became the bride of Mr. Herbert Steger, the Rev. W. E. Hill officiating.

The attendants were Miss Lizzie Whit Smith with Joe Garnett, Miss Steger with Mr. Bernard Carter, the flower bearers being little Edna Garnett and Bessie Steger.

The parlor was attractively decorated and made radiant with soft lights. Mrs. J. M. Crute presided at the piano and in her own faultless manner rendered the wedding march.

The presents were varied and useful. Mr. and Mrs. Steger left on the west bound train of the Norfolk and Western at 12:50 on their bridal tour to Washington and other points of interest. On their return they will make their home in the county of Buckingham, where Mr. Steger is recognized as one of the leading farmers in his neighborhood. Miss Virginia has long been one of the social lights in the circles where she has moved, and will carry to the new home the charm of her personality which will give to it brightness and good cheer. Prince Edward's loss is Buckingham's gain and the happy pair begin their wedded life with the best wishes of a large circle of admiring and loving friends.

A Birthday Party.

On June 1st, little Pearl Traylor entertained a number of her friends from four to six in honor of her third birthday. Games were played until five-thirty, when Pearl with Robert Hunt led the way into the dining room where delightful refreshments were served.

The evening was ended with a hay ride. Those present were:

Robert and Mary Hunt, Victoria, Mildred and Rhodney Vaiden, Dorothy Walton, Alice Carter, Ruth and Vivian Phillips, Elizabeth Moring, Lucile Upton, Branche Armistead, Alma Tatum, Eunice Watkins, Amelia Frankie and Frank Jones.

Herald and N. Y. World \$1.60.

First of the Season.

Mr. Serpell brought to the Herald on the 3rd of June, last Friday, some fine specimens of peaches taken from his own trees, red and ripe.

The next day that leading trucker and gardener of this section, a worthy colored man, A. A. Bigger, offered in market and sold promptly several bushels of ripe peaches and June apples fresh from his own trees.

The wonder is that they should have matured under such conditions as we have been having. But they did mature and are fine. Now let Cumberland and Buckingham, and Appomattox go way back and keep quiet. Prince Edward wears the laurel wreath of victory in the fruit contest if Cumberland did grow the tallest clover.

Sawyer—Davis.

There was a quiet marriage at the Methodist parsonage on last Saturday morning, when Miss Lucy Edith Davis, daughter of the late A. T. Davis, of Amelia, became the bride of Mr. Burvill E. Sawyer, of Petersburg, the Rev. W. T. Green officiating.

A few friends witnessed the ceremony and gave their congratulations and good wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer left on the east bound train of the N. & W., and after their wedding tour will make their home in Petersburg, where Mr. Sawyer is actively engaged in the insurance business.

Farmville follows the happy pair with its best wishes, for the bride is the daughter of one who long made his home here, and there are still many living here who remember him most pleasantly.

"Only Eight Minutes."

During the delivery of his masterly address to the old soldiers Col. Hubbard related this incident.

Sometime after the close of the Spanish-American war, Comrade J. B. Phillips, of Cumberland, as gallant a soldier as followed the "black plums" of the peerless Stuart, was seated in the lobby of a Richmond hotel listening to the soldiers fresh from the field where American met Spaniard. One of them in describing a bloody and terrific battle added that "14 were killed and 25 wounded," whereupon friend J. B. Phillips arose from his seat and exclaimed, "That must have been a slight skirmish, for in one of our real fights Marse Bob's men killed 25,000 in 10 minutes."

Among the first to congratulate Colonel Hubbard at the close of his address was Comrade Phillips, but he said with emphasis, "You made one serious slip as to time, for I told those Spanish-American boys that Marse Bob's men killed those 25,000 in exactly eight minutes." The Colonel stood corrected.

The Sale of The Venable Lots.

At the sale of the Venable lots on Thursday of last week some 100 lots were disposed of aggregating some \$3,000. The highest price paid for any one lot was \$195, and that for one on 3rd street, next to the property of Mr. Butcher.

Of the Venable addition 130 acres remain unsold, and our hope is some day to see them all dotted over with residences and business structures.

The Big Engines.

Standing on the corner of Main and Second streets on last Monday afternoon in company with Mr. Geo. Richardson and others, one of the new and large engines of the N. & W. passed by hauling some 50 cars loaded with coal.

Mr. Richardson remarked, "I remember when the road was built, originally known as the Southside R. R. Co., running between Petersburg and Lynchburg, and I am satisfied that the engine now passing could have hauled the rolling stock of the entire system as it then existed," and another of the party added, "Yes, up hill and without the aid of the pusher."

The improvements in railroad appliances are just as wonderful as the original invention.

National Educational Association

Boston, Mass., July 2-8, 1910.

Very reduced fares from all points on Southern Railway. Tickets on sale June 28th, to July 2nd, 1910, inclusive, final limit returning July 14th, 1910. For rates and complete information call on nearest ticket agent, or write S. E. BURGESS, D. P. A., Richmond, Va.

CLOSING OF THE NORMAL.

THE SESSION OF 1909-1910.

Days of Sweet Song, Stirring Speech, Graceful Salutation and Heart-Moving Good-bye.

The exercises incident to the commencement of the State Normal for the session just ended began on Saturday evening last when the graduating class were the charming hostesses at a reception upon which but one member of the rougher sex was allowed to attend, and that one in the person of Dr. Jarman, the popular president of the school.

The hours went flying by as soul-mingled with soul in sweet communion, cultured courtesies were given and received, feet kept time to the strains of music, and as together they gathered about a table laden with delicacies artistically served, the last of the meals those companions in study were to eat in company. But no thought of parting was allowed to intrude upon the bright and happy scene, and when the good night was spoken it was with the comforting hope of meeting when morning came again.

At 8:30 of Sunday evening a great crowd filled the Auditorium to listen to the baccalaureate sermon. This was preached by Rev. W. E. Hill, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, who based his sermon on an incident in the life of Queen Vashti, of the far East and of the far-off time, who preferred to wear the untarnished crown of pure womanhood to that any earth's king had to give, who chose humility rather than honor to be purchased at the sacrifice of womanly modesty, and then turning to those he had been specially asked to address, urged upon the young womanhood before him to hold secure the high position to which every man had assigned them, to cultivate the spirit of self-sacrifice, to be willing to serve rather than to be served and to be faithful to the details of daily duty. And to accomplish these things to take the Christ as their ideal and their example. This, in brief, the thought of the masterly message, but as to the rest that combined to make it impressive and instructive, the grace of manner, the cogency of reason and the charm of rhetoric we leave to those who were privileged to hear the gifted preacher.

Class Night.

Another large and expectant audience gathered in the Auditorium on Monday evening, an evening given up to Class Night. The exercises were opened with a glad song by the class, and at its close Dr. Jarman arose to announce a feature of the evening's exercises which did not appear on the pages of the printed programme—the presentation of a "Loving Cup" to Miss Minnie Rice, the gift of many of the boys she had taught in the schools of Farmville, and who are now scattered far and wide the country over, some engaged in active business circles, others directing in banks, others preaching from the pulpits of different churches, others as teachers in schools and colleges, others still as lawyers and doctors. And with the cup came expressions of gratitude and love in words like these: "Whatever of worth has come into our lives, whatever of courage in presence of danger, whatever of patience in hours of trial, whatever of strength for burden-bearing, whatever of shielding against temptation, whatever of noble ambitions or high ideals, we trace all back to the guiding hand, the loving heart, the watchful care and the cultured training of our dear teacher, Miss Minnie."

The cup was delivered by Colonel R. B. Berkeley, after which the programme as printed was proceeded with. Miss Leona Howard Jordan read the history of the class, Miss Elizabeth Hoge Paulett the poem, Miss Mary Elizabeth Taylor rendered a piano solo, Miss Aileen Poole read the last will and testament, while Miss Julia Johnson lifted the veil from the future and told of things to come. Then the "gifts" were distributed, things appropriate to the recipients, and each accompanied with a verse descriptive of the token of love and thoroughly appreciated by the audience, but even more by the members of the class and by their comrades at school.

Another song and then a reception given by the faculty in honor of the graduates, and to which many of their home circles and friends were invited. The feast was one of good things and beauty and chivalry